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## DRAWING-ROOM GAMES.

THERE are many outdoor amusements for all seasons that may be called really good, and which require more or less of intelligence to pursue them with success. It is not, indeed, our own belief that the best cricket-player at school or college is also likely to be among the most distinguished in letters; rather the reverse: but, at all events, some degree of judgment and skill are requisite to make a first-rate 'bat' or 'bowler.' Even at croquet there is scope for sagacity, and there is something more than alacrity and pluck required at foot-ball. But almost all our indoor games, independent of cards and chessmen, are lamentably deficient in any interest arising from the exercise of intelligence.

In a few, as in *beaux rimés*, where wit and rhyme are both required, the tax on brains is, on the other hand, too great for ordinary capacities, and the few players that shine in them only make the efforts of the rest more dull and feeble by comparison. *Proverbs*, again, demands not only a knowledge of many proverbs, but an exceptional facility in bringing in difficult words into an answer without their being lugged in by head and shoulders; while *How, when, and where* is chiefly remarkable for the synonymous character of the three forms of reply. Considering the vast amount of leisure that some persons have the good or ill fortune to enjoy, and their fondness for any pursuit that will kill time, it is indeed remarkable that drawing-room games are so few and so unsatisfactory. Even the few good ones that are known are played without much spirit, and it is a great relief to most of us at Christmas-time when the door opens with the announcement that Mr Wearied Out's carriage has arrived, and we are released from the festive scene. We propose, therefore, as an act of charity, to suggest to Mother-familias, or others who may have young people to entertain, and who find their time and her own alike hang heavy on her hands, one or two drawing-room games, not new, indeed, but that

may not be generally known, and which have at least sense and fun to recommend them.

A very good, but also a highflying game (as having some connection with the fine arts) is *Historical Pictures*. Let every guest be provided with a sheet of paper and pencil, and let him or her endeavour to represent upon it some well-known incident in history. Perhaps it may not be necessary to add that these attempts need not be very life-like; but the less they are so (within limits), and the more ambitious is their aim, the better. To excite laughter is at least as much the object of these performances as to extort admiration, and therefore nobody need fear to make himself ridiculous. In the majority of cases, indeed, it is a positive feather in the artist's cap if he can produce a picture which, upon being held up to the general view, can be pronounced by anybody to be the thing it is intended for—a meed of success that has never yet (he must confess) been accorded to the present writer. Still, let each do his best, with 'Alfred in the Swineherd's Cottage,' or 'Canute reproving his Courtiers,' or 'The Stage Scene from Hamlet,' or 'The Surrender of Calais,' or what you will; and it is quite surprising what fun and frolic may be got out of this general exhibition of incompetency. If you are a rich man, you may even incite the imagination of the younger branches of the company by promising gifts to whosoever shall solve your own pictorial enigma; and perhaps the discovery will not be made even then, and you will have to suffer the humiliation of disclosing your own secret. A dozen pencils, a few sheets of paper, and an audacity in executing great conceptions, are all that are required for this amusement.

Another excellent game, especially adapted for young gentlemen about to enter into the legal profession, and as superior to the ancient *Cross Questions and Crooked Answers* as billiards is to skittles, is the entertainment called *Yes and No*. The object of this game is to find out what any person in the company may happen to be thinking about, in twenty questions, to all which he replies nothing save the monosyllabic affirmative or

negative. This game gives very great scope for ingenuity and skill. The cross-examination should always be either intrusted to the coolest head of the company, or conducted by him after deliberation with them as their mouthpiece, otherwise questions will be certain to be thrown away, through haste or carelessness. The Tichborne case would not have been characterised by such recklessness of cross-examination, had it been confined (as some of us wish it had been) to a reasonable amount of queries. It must be understood that the subject to be guessed must be well known, by hearsay, books, or otherwise, to every person present, such as *Cinderella's Glass Slipper*, *Prince Bismark*, or the *Mont Cenis Tunnel*, but there is no other limitation. Let us give an example that occurred last Christmas-time, and which gave an agreeable lift to what had threatened to be a dull evening. The present writer was asked to select a subject, and did so: his examiner was a well-known Queen's Counsel, accustomed to torment witnesses, and make the most honest of his fellow-creatures appear like a rogue; and though his genius was somewhat hampered by the necessities of the case, and he was obviously at a disadvantage, through not being able to address me with, 'Now on your oath, sir,' yet he did his business excellently well. He was assisted also by the united wits of the company—every interrogation being weighed and pondered before put, lest it should be a waste of a question—while I on my part, in consideration of the great gun brought to bear against me, was allowed the assistance of a certain learned Divine. The following were the queries.

(1.) Is it a fact?

To this, after a moment's hesitation and consultation with my reverend adviser, I answered 'Yes.'

(2.) Is it animal?

No.

(3.) Is it vegetable?

No.

'Well, then, it must be mineral,' said one of the party with an air of confidence.

'Hold your tongue, sir,' roared the Q.C.

'Is "Is it mineral?" a question?' inquired the clergyman. Here our examiners held council together. Most of them were of opinion, that if it was neither animal nor vegetable, it *must* be mineral, and that to make that inquiry would, therefore, be superfluous.

(4.) Is it spoken of in books?

Yes.

(5.) In prose?

Yes.

(6.) In poetry also?

Yes.

(7.) Is it one thing of its kind; that is, as distinguished from one out of a number? [This, by-the-bye, should always be the case with a subject.]

Yes.

'Let us collate our facts,' observed the Q.C. 'In seven questions we have obtained the information that the subject thought of is presumably a mineral, is not a fiction, but yet mentioned in both prose and poetry, and that it is one thing of its kind.'

'Such as the Sword of Damocles?' interpolated the same eager youth as had before spoken, to be as before promptly frowned down into silence by his legal adviser.

(8.) Does the thing in question exist in England?

'Alas, yes!' interpolated the divine before I could stop him.

'Why, alas?' retorted the Q.C. quickly.

'Is that a question?' returned I.

No; it was not a question.

(9.) Is it connected with any particular person; or is it public property? was the ninth query.

'That is two questions,' remonstrated I, 'but nevertheless I will waive that: it is public property, and belongs to us all.' [My answer should have been only 'Yes,' of course; but the Q.C. was insidious.]

'Depend upon it, it is the *Crown Jewels*,' ejaculated the same irrepressible youth who had been certain it was the Sword of Damocles.

'The crown fiddlesticks,' roared the Q.C. 'Why should the parson have said "Alas," if it were the crown jewels?'

'Because, being a clergyman, he felt that all wealth, whether in gold or trinkets, was injurious to the human mind,' contended the other. 'I insist, at all events, upon it being asked whether the thing is valuable.'

(10.) 'Well, is it valuable?' asked the Q.C. grudgingly.

No.

'Of course not,' muttered the inquirer; 'about as valuable as that young gentleman's suggestion.'

(11.) Is it of any use?

No.

(12.) Is it a natural product?

Here the divine and I had a private altercation. We rather differed upon the nature of the reply that ought to be given; so the question was altered to: Is it a manufactured article?

No.

(13.) Has it existed long?

Yes.

This was not a very exhaustive question, and had been borne in upon the Q.C. by some of the more hasty of his clients, contrary to his own judgment. We, therefore, compassionately assisted our examiners by the information that the thing in question had existed since the creation of the world.

(14.) Had any of the company ever seen it?

To this we answered: 'To the best of our knowledge, no;' adding, however (again compassionating our querists, who were evidently greatly puzzled), this 'rider,' that if it had been seen by any of those present, it was most likely to have been so by the Q.C. himself. This put them into greater perplexity than ever. Perhaps it was the Sword of Justice carried by the Recorder, or the Mace that is borne before the highest legal Dignitary in the land. But, then, it was not a manufactured article. From that moment, the queries, instead of narrowing about the subject, as they should have done, grew wilder.

(15.) Is it an ornament?

No.

(16.) Is it tangible?

No.

(17.) Is it celebrated for any one thing in particular?

No.

'Upon my word,' said the Q.C., 'these witnesses are intolerable. They are a mere brace of negatives, who, nevertheless, do *not* make an affirmative. I believe we are on an utterly wrong tack. I now ask (*meo periculo*, as the Attorney-general says): (18.) Is it mineral?

No.  
 'What! Not animal, vegetable, nor mineral!' exclaimed the astonished lawyer. 'Well, this is the very —.' And it *was*. He had merely meant to express the difficulty of the case; but by accident, like the painter who threw his brush at the picture and made the cloud, he had hit upon the exact solution. The subject we had selected *was* the very —. For was *He* either animal, vegetable, or mineral; or a manufactured article; or an ornament; or valuable; and was *He* not spoken of in prose and poetry; and more likely to be seen by a lawyer than by anybody else!

If any of our readers have arrived at the above conclusion at our eighteenth question, they may congratulate themselves on having been sharper than that very sharp practitioner, the Q.C.

We give one more example of this excellent game.

The Q.C. himself thinks of a subject, of which he guarantees that we shall all have heard, and the rest of us question *him*.

(1.) Is it fact?

Yes.

(2.) Spoken of in books?

No.

(3.) Animal?

Yes.

(4.) Is it alive?

Yes.

(5.) Is it in England?

Yes.

(6.) Is it public property?

No.

(7.) Is it in the Zoological Gardens?

No.

(8.) Is it on exhibition at all?

Yes.

(9.) Is it tame?

Yes.

(10.) Is it a bird?

Here we noticed, for the first time, a hesitation in the Q.C.'s manner. He had evidently some doubt as to whether it was a bird or not; but finally he answered 'No.'

This encouraged us to put a vital question.

(11.) Has it four legs?

Yes.

What could it be? There was a hairless horse at that time exhibiting in Regent Street, but then we had not all heard of that; and there was the Talking Fish, which, as certainly, had not four legs. (Can any of our 'intelligent readers' guess it?) As always happens when the company is greatly puzzled, the next question was a very feeble one.

(12.) Is it remarkable?

The Q.C. laughed provokingly. 'Rather,' said he; 'but that is telling you too much: I should have said "Yes."'

Telling us too much indeed: he was a likely fellow to do that!

(13.) Is it valuable?

Yes.

(14.) Is it in London?

Yes.

(15.) Does it perform?

Yes.

(16.) At a circus?

No.

(17.) Is it male or female?

'I submit, my lud,' said the Q.C., turning to our host as though he were a Judge, 'that that is two questions.'

(18.) Well, then, is it a female?

Yes.

Really, one would have thought that, having got so far, the solution would have been easy enough. Here was a four-legged female animal, on exhibition in town, remarkable, tame, and performing, and of whom everybody had heard; and yet, not a soul could guess it. (We really do hope that the 'intelligent reader' has made more of it than we did.)

(19.) Is it pretty?

The Q.C. declined to answer this, from motives that (if they were genuine) did honour to his nature. He was speaking of a female, he said, and therefore there could be but one reply to such an inquiry.

But then it is not a human being, we urged; so why be so chivalrous?

'Is "Is it a human being?" a question?' inquired the Q.C. stolidly.

'No, of course not, for how can a human being have four'— Then we all cried out together: 'I have it!' And so we had, of course. It was the Two-headed Nightingale, whom all London was then crowding to behold at fifteenpence a head—that is, half-a-crown each.

'You ought to have guessed it,' said our learned friend, 'when I hesitated about its being a bird.'

But perhaps the best drawing-room game of all is that called *Words*, an invention not only entertaining in itself, but exceedingly useful to all young people (and between ourselves, to a good many grown-up folks) as a Royal Road to Spelling. It is played in this way: each person, as in the game of Historical Pictures, is provided with a pencil and sheet of paper; and a word of moderate length (but with as many vowels as possible) is publicly fixed upon, and written down upon it.

The object is to break the word thus given into as many words as possible, using only the same letters; and he who makes most words out of it—*unthought of by the rest of the company*—wins the game. Any word may be fixed upon for this experiment, but the words to be derived from it may not be names of places, nor perfect tenses, nor participles of verbs, nor plurals; and they must consist of *not less than four* letters. Thus, suppose *Cambridge* be the word selected. Would it be imagined that this comparatively short word breaks up into sixty-one others! Bridge, image, ream, ridge, badger, crag, bride, acre, admire, game, dear, brig, crib, care, braid, ride, card, dream, dame, mare, gird, raid, bard, bream, abide, bare, garb, mire, drab, amber, bier, bear, bird, grab, grace, gear, dare, rice, race, mead, crab, brace, bead, cram, grade, read, brim, cigar, dire, dram, cadi, rage, grim, cider, maid, cream, badge, crime, cage, drag, mirage.

There may be many others; but a novice who attempts this game will be very clever if he hits upon half of these within the time allowed for their discovery, which is Five Minutes. Nothing but practice can make perfect at this amusement; and a child who is acquainted with it can run off fifty words, while a highly intellectual adult is painfully setting down his ten. But it is not the *number* of words, it must be remembered, that gains the victory, but their comparative rarity, since all those that appear on duplicate lists are

cancelled, and go for nothing. When the clock on the mantel-piece announces that the five minutes are over, everybody is bound to stop; and then each declares how many words he has evolved out of the original. He who has made most (whom we will call A), reads them out from his own list aloud; and B, C, D, &c. cry out: 'Ah, I've got that!' whenever the word appears in their list also; and it is struck out accordingly. It is like the show of hands at an election. It may be flattering to A's vanity to have got the most words, but he may not be the chosen candidate for all that. It is possible to have made fifty, and yet not one of them to be worth anything, since they may be so commonplace that one or other of the rest of the company is sure to have pitched upon them also. In the present case, such words as Crib, Care, Card, for example, are sure to be cancelled; while Mirage, Image, and Cadi have a good chance of remaining unchallenged. The game is really an excellent one; but when played among grown folks, only good-natured people that don't mind being laughed at should indulge in it, for the mistakes in spelling thus publicly disclosed are always numerous. Even well-read persons, through hurry and nervousness, perhaps, as much as ignorance, are often found to make blunders; while among what are termed 'fashionable people,' to be right is almost as much the exception as the rule. On the other hand, those who have read very little, but are used to play the game, make very few mistakes. If there be any in *Cambridge*, for example, the writer's own children, who have furnished him with the words in question, are to blame. But the most astonishing 'find' they have yet made is in the word *Handkerchief*, wherein no less than one hundred and seventy words have rewarded their etymological toil. This game is not only highly interesting from the spirited rivalry it excites, but really useful; and when extended to French and German words, as it often is, may be almost said to be a branch of education.

## A GOLDEN SORROW.

### CHAPTER XXXI.—'INFORMATION REQUIRED.'

THE loneliness of a great swarming city, where the faces are strange, and one is excluded from the interests which engross every human being one meets; where one might drop out of the concourse, and not be missed for one instant by any living soul, fell heavily on Lawrence Daly. During their short sojourn together in New York, Walter and he had been so much occupied with one another, the imminence of separation after their long and close companionship had never been absent from their thoughts, and they had hardly observed the surrounding scene. But Walter was gone now, and Daly, though not an ungracious, unsocial man, felt very thoroughly alone. He knew the feeling was to some extent voluntary, that when he should really rouse himself to look into his affairs, and take any steps in the direction of business, he should find no lack or difficulty of association; but just yet he did not feel disposed to make the effort. Very seldom in his life before had Lawrence Daly deliberately given way to the indulgence of a weakness, but he did so now, to the indulgence of the weakness of discontent.

He did not envy Walter his lot, in the sense of

feeling anything but joyful sympathy with his happiness, and pleasure in his good fortune; but he did feel a great longing for a little of similar sunshine in his own life. The tide had set against him, somehow, just when it turned for Walter, and he murmured against this. There was nowhere in the world a home where he would be welcomed, *in right of himself*; there was not a woman in the world the pulses of whose heart could be stirred by his step, his voice, his smile. Lawrence Daly had not frittered away his feelings in flirtation, and a 'grand passion,' with its stormy delight and pangs, had never crossed his life. He had never been well enough off to contemplate the possibility of marriage—in the past; and this last failure made him think he had better dismiss the idea permanently for the future. It did not much matter, in the abstract form, in which only Daly thought of marriage; but, he thought, rather bitterly, it might have mattered, very much. If, instead of the blank life, whose strongest interest was his friendship for Walter Clint, his life had been blessed with the love of a woman—a gentle, sweet woman like Florence, or a handsome, brave, impetuous, somewhat ungovernable woman like that golden-eyed Miriam, of whom her brother was so proud and fond—why, then, he would have put this disappointment right away out of sight, and gone to work, to win a home and a provision for her. But, after all, what did it matter to him? It was this very feeling that it did *not* matter which made it hard to bear. Evidently, Lawrence was out of sorts.

Under these circumstances, Deering got the chance of forming a sort of intimacy with him which, under any other, he would not have succeeded in establishing. He was linked, in a slight but still important manner, with the old life, from which Daly had had no conception it would be so painful to break away; and he was a wanderer, like himself, though, unlike him, no stranger to the ways of New York. They met again and again, and Deering gave Daly some by no means ill-considered or insincere advice concerning the investment of the comparatively small sums at his disposal, on his own account and Walter's, with a view to the speediest returns consistent with safety. The intermittent fever of speculation was in one of its hot fits just then in the Empire City, and the only difficulty was that of selecting among the innumerable schemes, of hitherto unequalled brilliancy and extent, by which everybody was to make a fortune. Daly dabbled in one or two of the most reasonable of these, and did well. He was beginning to like the place, to make friends, to get over the desolation and the desulteriority which had at first beset him. He had heard of Walter's arrival, and of the flourishing state of things in general at the Firs, and, in answer to a cautiously written letter, addressed to Florence, and in which he had requested an answer from her own hand, he had received a report of Walter's health which satisfied him that he was well, but that no reawakening of the memory on the subject on which it had so suddenly and mysteriously sunk into slumber had taken place.

'I have only two faults to find with Walter,' Florence wrote, near the end of a pleasant letter, which brought her pretty face and sweet voice back to Lawrence's remembrance with tantalising freshness: 'one is, that he looks so much older than his years—the other is, that he is growing very lazy.'



'The fever accounts for the one, and ease and prosperity excuse the other,' thought Lawrence. 'I wonder how the golden-eyed Miriam gets on.' Presently there was a reference to her in Florence's letter:

'We are still always expecting Mr and Mrs St Quentin, and they are still always not coming. He has been ill lately, Walter bids me tell you, with gout, and takes the most violent remedies in order to be able to go out into company. He goes about to all sorts of places with Miriam. I hope they will come to England soon, but I have given up counting upon it. Walter says he has only one thing beside to wish for—that your time was up, and you were safely at home at the Firs. And, indeed, dear Mr Daly, so do I heartily wish this also.'

'A good, kind, genuine, womanly letter,' said Lawrence to himself, as he folded it up. 'It makes a fellow feel less lonely and lost to get such a letter as this. Walter means me to understand that he is confirmed in his notions of the St Quentin *ménage*, of course. The old gentleman stifles his gout in the interests of his jealousy, no doubt.'

Daly had completely adopted Deering's theory of the occurrences at the gold-diggings, and had come to regard the loss of the nugget with composure, as he might have regarded any ordinary loss by robbery. As time went on, it did occur to him sometimes to think it strange that he knew so little of Deering, apart from their joint transactions; how reserved and taciturn the man was in everything which related to his own past life, his family relations, or his future prospects; whereas he had been tolerably expansive in his communications with Deering. He remembered that Walter Clint had made a remark of the same kind to him one day, and had accompanied it with an expression of dislike to Deering. As for Mr Deering himself, he found the acquaintance with Daly, to which he had contrived to give the appearance of intimacy, both useful and pleasant, and it was quite remarkable with what curiosity and interest he collected from Daly's conversation every detail which could serve in the construction of the history of his past career. Daly was so much the opposite of an egotistical man, that the collection of these details was not an easy matter; indeed, it demanded considerable tact, in which Deering sometimes broke down, so that if Lawrence had not been as little suspicious as he was egotistical, it must have struck him that his friend was strongly actuated by curiosity. But the two qualities combined acted in the interests of Deering's purpose. Daly was not put on his guard by any overweening notion of his own importance, and he never suspected Deering of any ulterior object. Thus it came to pass that, in process of time, Deering had arrived at a knowledge of all the events in Daly's history sufficiently accurate and minute to have served for the compilation of one of those wonderful *dossiers*, which are the terror of French delinquents, and the objects of envy and admiration to French romance writers.

'You'll excuse my saying so,' he remarked to Daly one evening when they were smoking sociably together on a certain well-known balcony, 'but I think you acted rather rashly in respect to the nabob! You cut the painter there too abruptly and too completely. If you had then had a little more knowledge of the world, I fancy you would have given him more time, wouldn't you?'

'What for? To keep a promise to a dead woman which he had persistently broken while she lived? Where would have been the sense of that? I should have gained nothing by it, and lost my own self-respect. No, no; notwithstanding the loss of the nugget, I am better off now than I should have been, loafing about, and waiting for the favours of such an uncommonly treacherous and shifty old providence as Mr Clibborn.'

'I think I understood you to say, in addition to his having married your mother's sister, he is a relative of your own?' There was an unaccountable eagerness in Deering's face as he asked this question, to which Daly replied carelessly:

'He is a distant relative, but the nearest I have; and I am the nearest he has, I believe.'

Then they dropped the subject.

About this time, Mr Deering had an unusual amount of correspondence on hand. Ordinarily, he neither wrote nor received letters which implied anything beyond the business he was engaged in, and the rather low pleasures with which he diversified it. But he had taken to looking out for mail-days of late, and it might have been observed that he was preoccupied at such times, and additionally attentive to Daly and watchful of him.

Lawrence was not an eager reader of newspapers. A very superficial perusal of the news from Europe sufficed for him, and, if the Atlantic cable had existed in those days, he would probably have dispensed with journalistic literature altogether. He could no more have devoured the contents of the myriad sheets of news and comment, of correspondence and general topics, of novelties and gossip, as the Americans devoured them, than he could have smoked and chewed as they did. Sometimes, when there was news from the Golden State, he went at it eagerly enough, feeling about it as he had felt, when he and Walter were there, about England, and the old ways of the forsaken world beyond the two oceans. But in general he was indifferent, and this peculiarity, Deering, whom few things escaped, had soon noticed.

There had been no news of interest for some time, and Lawrence was less than ever anxious to know what was in the papers, when one day, at the public dining-table, he heard some people talking of great floods which had done considerable damage in a district of Placer County. There had been, it appeared, great atmospheric disturbance, tremendous rain, and a sudden swelling of the river and its tributary streams. One of the gentlemen present had had a letter, containing particulars, and finding Daly interested in the subject, he detailed them. It was strange and pleasant to Lawrence to hear again the names and places he had been so long familiar with. In the evening he read a long and flourishing newspaper version of the occurrence, and sat, looking at the words, with his thoughts far away, amid the grim desolation of the scene. No lives had been lost, but a good deal of damage had been done by the flood, and Daly would have liked to know how their former claim and the lone hut had fared in the turmoil.

'I wonder whether it is still standing,' he thought, 'or whether the waters poured into the ravine, and tumbled down the face of the old rock there, and swept it away with them. I wonder whether the whole aspect of the place is changed. The lone hut is of too little importance to be mentioned here, I suppose. If Deering is right—and no doubt

he is—it does not matter; it never could have mattered, in one way or the other; but if Walter really had buried the gold, and really had made a memorandum of its whereabouts, it would not have availed now, according to this. These tearing floods efface huge landmarks in a few moments; who can tell how this one may have changed all the features of the small space within which his choice of a hiding-place lay.—There I am, trying back on that old scent again, after all my resolutions, proving to myself, often as I have protested the contrary, how hard it is to get over a downright, knock-down blow of ill luck. I ought to be quite over it by this time, especially as I am turning our dust over to some purpose, mainly thanks to Deering. He's a clever fellow, and I think a better one than Walter fancied him. The flood did a good deal of damage in Cobb's Valley, I see: I wonder if it swept over the burying-ground, and tore up the headstones; in that case, poor Spoiled Five's wooden cross—the memorial of him to a whole race of strangers—is gone too.'

Lawrence and Deering had a good deal of business in common just then, and when they met next day, they began to discuss it at once, and no mention was made of the news of the great flood in the Golden State. Daly thought of it afterwards, and was glad he had not talked about it. 'I am determined I will not,' he thought; 'it would only tempt me into talking of that unlucky nugget to Deering again, and I am determined henceforth it shall rest.'

And so a word which might have availed much remained, by the decree of fate, unspoken.

Mr Deering had been deeply engaged with his correspondence before he went to his appointment with Lawrence on the day in question. It was not voluminous, and it was not various, but it was exceedingly engrossing, and Deering had apparently reached a puzzling stage of it. He walked moodily about a room, very different in its decorations from that which he had abandoned, after prudential calculation, cogitating intently, and turning his eyes from time to time upon the large paper-strewn table at which he had been sitting.

'It is too soon,' he muttered—'too soon to tell him, to induce him to go to England. There is a good deal to be done with him here yet, and the other thing will keep—will be all the better for keeping, indeed—until I have made all there is to be made here out of his resources and my own. The prize is safe enough; it will not slip away, but this opportunity might. No, he must not know; he must not go yet; it is too soon. If the time had come, I wonder whether he would go and put in his claim, or be magnanimous, and renounce it. He is fool enough for anything of that kind, and that would be a stopper. Let me see.'

He stopped beside the table, and took up a large sheet of foolscap, on which certain slips cut from newspapers, in different kinds of type, and varying in length, were pasted. He was perfectly familiar with them, and yet he read them over slowly and half aloud. A thin slip, containing merely the name of the newspaper from which it was extracted, and the date of its issue, was pasted half an inch above each of these paragraphs:

*The Times*, Wednesday, July —, 186—.

'Information required.—Any person who can give

information respecting Lawrence Daly, who left England, in 186—, for New York, it is supposed, with the intention of proceeding to the Far West, will be handsomely rewarded on communicating with Monsieur Caux, Rue de la Flèche, Paris.'

*The Times*, Monday, August —, 186—.

'Lawrence Daly, who left England in 186—, is earnestly requested to communicate with his nearest relative. He will find compliance with this request very much to his advantage. Address, L. C., care of Monsieur Caux, Rue de la Flèche, Paris.'

*New York Herald*, September —, 186—.

'Information concerning the whereabouts, or, if not living, the death of Mr Lawrence Daly, supposed to have been in the city of New York, in the summer of 186—, is earnestly requested, and will be handsomely paid for by Monsieur Caux, Rue de la Flèche, Paris.'

*New York Sentinel*, September —, 186—.

'L. D.—If you will let me know where you are you shall not regret it. My promise to "Aunt Kate" shall yet be fulfilled. Let bygones be bygones, and write at once to me, under cover to Monsieur Caux, Rue de la Flèche, Paris.'

'A clever calculator, no doubt, could tell exactly how many to one the chances ought to have been in favour of Daly's seeing all these, and of my not seeing the first of them. But calculation is gravely out sometimes. If I had seen the second, and not the first, or the fourth, and not the third, it would have made a considerable difference to me. A hundred pounds when I place Monsieur Caux and Lawrence Daly in direct communication, and the strictest secrecy observed concerning the date of my reply to the advertisement. After all, it was weak of me to stipulate for that. When I have got all the money there's to be had out of Daly's dear repentant relative over there, and all the money there's to be had out of Daly himself here, what does it matter to me what he thinks of me, especially as I hope he will have been before long my unconscious benefactor to an extent of which we are at this moment alike in ignorance. The pear is getting ripe; it will soon be time to shake the tree, but not yet. The repentant relative must suffer a little more remorse and suspense first, until we see what's coming of *Ontarios*, at all events.'

He huddled up the scattered papers, and locked them into a drawer. Then, struck by a sudden thought, he stood for a moment with his hand on the key.

'It's cutting it rather close, this delay: just suppose Walter Clint should see the advertisement in the *Times*, and volunteer the required information! By Jove! that would be a crooked turn of my luck. However, one must risk something, and I don't risk money. But there's not much time to spare now.'

#### CHAPTER XXXII.—'AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.'

In a vast and splendid apartment on the *rez-de-chaussée* of a fine hôtel in Paris, belonging, not to the extravagant latter days of the Second Empire, but to its more solid middle period, we find Miriam St Quentin, a year after her father's death. How much resemblance does she bear to the handsome school-girl, who, hardly five years ago, looked at her bright young face in the glass before she ran downstairs to take her first independent step in life, the

selection of a waiting-maid? How much, in mind or person? What marks has time set upon her face and upon her heart, in that progression, to which standing still is as impossible as it is to the waves of the sea?

It was the early winter-time, and the air was clear, bright, and crisply cold. Miriam was in her boudoir, a large room, with a richly furnished conservatory at one end, where there was a crystal fountain with an alabaster basin, wherein gold and silver fish disported themselves, and an aviary tenanted by bright-winged birds, where there was a background of strange tropical growths and feathery frondage, from which banks of gorgeous blossoms, and velvet leaves, with cunningly disposed lights dispersed among them, sloped downwards, and surrounded the fountain in semicircular form, with an interval of marble mosaic. The air was warm and perfumed; the feathery rain of the fountain mingled its sound with the cooing voices of the doves nestling behind the silver wires of their cage; beyond the silken curtains lay the boudoir, in which every modern luxury was accumulated for the pleasure of its owner. Things at once beautiful and precious met the eye on every side, and on all was set the impress of supreme good taste, in harmony of colour, of design, of arrangement. A wood-fire burned upon the wide hearth, and a glass screen framed in an ivy wreath of malachite stood between it and the low chair in which Miriam was sitting. She was leaning forward, her eyes fixed apparently upon the rose-coloured reflection of the flame in the sheet of crystal, her hands clasped round her knees. Miriam had not yet laid aside her mourning; her rich, plain dress was black, and its soft thick folds well became her full dignified figure. Five years ago, Miriam Clint had been a handsome girl, to whom probably no one would have applied the much misused term 'beautiful.' Now she might have claimed the epithet, fairly, in most of the positions and expressions of her face and form. The consummate ease and tranquillity, the assured self-possession, the habit of being implicitly obeyed, the entire and placid consciousness of importance, to which all self-assertion is superfluous, of a thoroughly prosperous and well-trained woman of the world, were all discernible in Miriam St Quentin. A hasty ungraceful movement, a loud tone, a vehement expression, a *gaucherie* of any kind, would have been as impossible to her, as if she had been born and reared in that calm world of impassive greatness and social importance, wherein such things have no existence, to the vulgar eye. Clever and resolute as she was when she had made her bargain with the future, she had determined that not only would she have all the good things of this life, with which her marriage could provide her, but that she would get out of them the very most they could be made to yield. And so she studied, not only what the women of the great world, who had wealth, luxury, taste, and freedom, enjoyed, but after what fashion they enjoyed them. She had a great deal more ability than most of them, and, at this time of her life, quite as little heart as any, and she learned the ways of them and of their world with much readiness and completeness. Composed, proud, exquisite in tact and manner, Miriam was now a beautiful woman, whom all 'society' everywhere admitted to be 'perfectly charming,' and who

had not an intimate friend in the world except Florence, whom she had not seen for ten months.

The touch of time, while it had improved her actual beauty, had added refinement to the features which had no classical regularity, touched the broad temples with finer lines of thought and knowledge, deepened the searching glances of the glorious golden eyes, and set a mark of will and decision upon the soft, full, delicately tinted lips, had told upon her too. Miriam had nothing girlish left about her looks. She was a woman in the full bloom and strength and pride of her beauty, but a woman who looked every hour of her years, who was as completely, though not so widely, separated from girlhood as from age.

She sat still, gazing on the little sparkles of flame reflected in the sheet of crystal. The streak of colour beneath her eyelids was as delicate as ever; but it had deepened to-day into a rosy flush, and there was a sparkle in the fixed eyes, which might have told an observer that Miriam's mind was not so idle as her hands.

The velvet table by her side was heaped with books, books in English bindings, *brochures* in their paper covers; a salverful of cards and unopened notes vainly asked for her attention—she heeded none of them. Presently, disturbed, it seemed, by the chiming of a timepiece, she rose, and walked slowly into the conservatory, pausing before the aviary, and idly watching the fluttering of the birds.

'What does it mean?' she muttered. 'What does it mean? I think and think; I turn in my mind every particle of knowledge respecting the past I have managed to acquire; I watch him closely; and yet *I know* there is something going on that I cannot fathom. The alteration in his manner, everything, confirms me in this belief. He has almost ceased to watch me. Why? There never was any cause, except in his own suspicious mind and depraved imagination. But whence the change?' She beckoned to the birds, and put her fingers through the bars of the cage. The bright-winged creatures came and pecked at them, nibbling the rosy finger-tips, and fluttering with joy. She presented a perfect picture of happiness, beauty, leisure, and luxury, in the framework of that beautiful scene, and yet, she was troubled, uncertain, nervous, *afraid*. No trace of any of those feelings was to be found in her composed mien or on her beautiful face, but she knew they were there, and she was doing battle with them by the aid of reason, and getting worsted, for they had their origin chiefly in impressions, which defied her judgment.

'I must and will find out what he is doing,' so ran her thoughts. 'Bianca does not know, poor ignorant wretch; she is only fit for the post of spy, not for the position of confidant. His skilful stroke of tyranny, as he thought it, in forcing me to keep her in my service, has been a consummate failure. As if *she* could have hindered me from doing anything I chose to do, or discovered anything I chose to hide!' A faint disdainful smile crossed Miriam's lips, and in the same instant she chirruped to the birds, and smoothed a ringdove's sleek head with her fair fingers.

'Who is this man who calls here so frequently, and has long conferences with him in his study, and what are these papers he is perpetually poring over? Can it be that he is meditating treachery towards me? His relaxed vigilance and his increased



gentleness are quite enough to set any one who knows him so thoroughly as I do, on the alert. My mind is so full of this, I can think of nothing else. It makes me forget even Florence and Walter. And I cannot tell her, I cannot trouble her peace and joy, after her long trial. And, besides, what is there to tell? It is all suspicion; there are no facts to lay hold of, or facts so few and so slight, that I could not so place them before her as to give them the weight *I know* they have.'

She sighed, and raising her hands higher on the wires of the cage, leaned her forehead against them, and so stood for many minutes profoundly still. From this attitude, the entrance of a servant, to announce that her carriage waited, roused her, and she returned to the fireside in the boudoir, opened the notes which lay on the table, glanced over them, threw them into the fireplace, and slowly left the room.

A splendid carriage, turned out in the best possible style, with superb bay horses, and servants in long coats and valuable furs, was drawn up under the wide glazed portico. Presently Miriam appeared at the top of the short flight of steps, where orange-trees stood in majolica tubs on either side. She was ceremoniously escorted by Mr St Quentin, who handed her into the carriage with a polite and audible expression of his regret that he did not feel sufficiently well to accompany her in her drive. The carriage turned out of the great echoing gateway, and Miriam was thinking: 'What a pleasant drive I shall have! only I wish I knew what it is that has made him change his tactics so completely. The result is so pleasant and welcome, I wish I could be satisfied there is no danger in the cause.'

How has time dealt with Mr St Quentin since that remarkably well-preserved gentleman has been in possession of the choicest blessings of existence—a large fortune, freedom to enjoy it according to his own tastes, perfect leisure, and a beautiful young wife? It is a little more than five years since he returned to England, and he has no cause to complain of any undue havoc in his well-cared for personal appearance. Perhaps no one would be likely to guess his present age so far short of the truth as almost every one had guessed it five years previously. But he was not, even yet, irrevocably in the category of 'old men.' Partial friends and toadies might still designate him an 'elderly gentleman,' and strangers be introduced to him and Miriam without having their sense of incongruity quickened into actual disgust. His figure was still upright and active, and his hair plentiful though grizzled. His correct, tasteful, appropriate style of dress, entirely free from affectation of youthfulness, was also as free from carelessness, and he was altogether a 'personable' man. Very close observers, familiar with Mr St Quentin's appearance at the period of his return from India, might have noticed that he did not look so amiable, so ready and easy to be pleased, as in those days; that he was more silent, and seemed at times to have 'something on his mind,' of a nature inconsistent with the general prosperity of his condition.

There was not the least suspicion afloat among the society in which Miriam and her husband lived, that their marriage was not a happy one; happy, that is to say, in modern society's sense of that word. They were not supposed to be romantically attached, but that kind of thing was

never thought of among well-bred people, even when no discrepancy of age existed. Mere vulgar honest love did very well to cheer the existence of people of the lower classes; but it did not count in the fine, gay, luxurious, great world, in which there is not the least occasion for people to bore each other, if they happen to disagree, or to have had enough of one another, or severally to prefer somebody else, and where all these contingencies may be provided for with perfect decorum. It was allowed, on the other hand, that the demeanour of Mr and Mrs St Quentin to each other was simply perfect. On his side, alertness, attention, well-bred gallantry; on hers, consideration, frank kindness, with just the slightest touch of that delightful deference to his age, which was so very charming. The *aplomb*, and the perfect freedom of a wife, combined with something gently respectful, which caused every one to remember that she was young enough to be his daughter. There appeared to be a wonderful accord in their tastes. That Miriam should enjoy society, and should be seen wheresoever the fashionable world gathered itself together, was of course quite natural; but Mr St Quentin was in this, as in every other respect, a model husband. He went everywhere with Miriam, and he seemed to like it! He had nothing of the henpecked husband. Then, her dress was superb, and her jewels enough to make angels envious; there was nothing in Paris better than her equipage; of a surety, Mrs St Quentin was a fortunate woman!

Mr St Quentin belonged to a *cercle*, where he played occasionally, decorously. He rode a fine horse, sitting well, and looking less than his age in the saddle. No one could accuse him of a deficiency in the virtue of hospitality; in that respect he subscribed implicitly to the laws of society, and took care never to be on the debtor's side; but yet he was not popular, as his wife was, in a superficial way. His was a cold and selfish nature, and this truth—that which more surely than all besides alienates affection and friendship—was understood and felt, and so Mr St Quentin had no friends. His real relations with Miriam were known to themselves alone; even Bianca's acquaintance with them was superficial, and though she regarded them with all the coarse misconception of a mind at once vicious and ignorant, she was in reality far from estimating aright their deadly discord and animosity. Of late, Miriam's letters to her sister-in-law had contained no lively allusions to Mr St Quentin's ridiculous jealousy, no mischievous record of her perverse playing upon this dangerous weakness. Florence had observed the omission with thankfulness, but she had been wise enough to make no comment upon it.

'Dear Miriam has found out her error, and she is repairing it. Everything is right between them, and nothing is now wanting to my happiness,' thought Florence, in her simple way; she to whom to discover a fault in her own conduct and to confess and rectify it were natural and simultaneous operations of the conscience and the will. 'I thought he could hardly fail to appreciate her thoroughly, when once he had gotten the better of his besetting sin and folly.' It never occurred to Florence that there are people who cherish their besetting sins, even when they know them perfectly, and make idols of their leading follies.

Miriam's change of tone was in reality due to a



very different cause. The matter had become too serious for jesting, and had developed features concerning which she could not consult Florence. There were times when she seriously believed Mr St Quentin to be mad, or nearly so, and a deeply rooted uneasiness had taken possession of her mind. Their private relations were as bad and unnatural as their demeanour in public was faultless, though without any mutual arrangement or understanding. Each could trust the pride of the other thoroughly on this point. At home they rarely met. There was no more interference with Miriam, no curious inquiries into her correspondence, no spying out of her ways. But this change did not reassure Miriam. It certainly relieved her. Mr St Quentin's presence had become disagreeable to her; her liking for him had died away before the contempt with which he had inspired her. It would have been too much to expect a girl like Miriam to be logical; too much to expect that she would have recognised the reasonableness with which a man may conclude that a woman whom he knows he has bought is not to be trusted. It was only too true that she had come to hate him; but she hated him with far less bitterness and consistency when he worried her and insulted her by his suspicions, bored her mercilessly with his company and his flattery, than now, when he was perfectly polite, distant, and estranged. It made Miriam desperately angry with herself to know that she was afraid of him. She had almost pitied the old man at times, when, in his absurd jealousy, and determination to watch her, he had run serious risks, rather than allow her to go out without him, and yet had scornfully refused her offer to relinquish her engagements, and remain at home. But now all was changed. She had no more pity for him, but serious apprehension for herself. She had unfettered liberty of action, and yet she had never felt less fear. Something she was ignorant of was in the atmosphere of her life, and to natures like hers it is only the unknown which is terrible.

Mr St Quentin had never mentioned Walter Clint's name to Miriam since they had left England. When she learned that her brother had returned to the Firs, she told Mr St Quentin the fact. He replied that he wished to know nothing whatever about Mr Walter Clint, and that he forbade any future mention of him or his wife—the one was a systematic liar, the other an adventuress. It was after this that he relinquished the former system of spying upon her, and their domestic life underwent a complete alteration.

But though Mr St Quentin kept aloof from her, and intruded no more upon her occupations, thus depriving her of the means of knowing how his own time was passed, Miriam became aware, by various little indications, that there was some matter of interest to him which had formerly not existed. Mr St Quentin's 'business' had been conducted with much simplicity and celerity, and had chiefly consisted in the signing of cheques. Miriam knew that his money was principally invested in Indian securities, but that he always had a large sum on deposit at the Bank of France. He was in the habit of receiving a few letters from India occasionally, but he carried on no active business transactions now in that country, and Miriam was aware that his fortune was growing. He was a more wealthy man than when she had found in his wealth a way of escape.

Perhaps it was money-making—speculation of some sort which was engrossing him now. Avarice, said to be the favourite vice of age, was perhaps laying its hold on him, and that of other and lesser passions was loosened. If so, it was avarice without its customary exterior. He did not save money, because he was making it. He was ostentatiously profuse in his expenditure, and Miriam had more and more luxury in her life, and the command of much larger sums, every shilling of which she expended recklessly, than formerly. In her extravagance he never checked her. Her love of luxury and adornment he seemed to regard with pleasure, not easily to be reconciled with his indifference to herself, and the silent, rigid estrangement which he was apparently determined to maintain. Every wish, every fancy of hers, was punctiliously gratified by him, when such wishes or fancies lay outside the limits of her individual control. Only in the one particular of going to England, and thus having an opportunity of seeing her brother, did Miriam feel herself powerless; and Florence's silence on the point made her understand that she and Walter knew the truth. It was therefore with surprise, not unmixed with uneasiness, that Miriam, one evening about this time, heard her husband speak to a lady, at a dinner-party at their own house, of the probability of their being in England at Christmas. The lady expressed her sentiments of congratulation at this prospect of participation in the 'so-English pleasures' of the season, and went chattering on about all that English people are supposed to do and to feel at that extremely unpleasant time of year. Mr St Quentin listened, and explained courteously; but Miriam was perfectly aware that he was watching her, and highly as she resented his having taken this means of informing her of his intentions, she preserved an appearance of perfect unconcern.

Next day, she said to her husband: 'Do you intend that we shall go to England this winter?'

'I do,' he replied. 'You heard me say so, last night, I think?'

'Do you mean to remain there any time?'

'That will entirely depend on circumstances. I am going to England for a special purpose, and my movements will be regulated accordingly.'

'Am I to be informed of this special purpose?'

'You are not. It is no affair of yours.'

Miriam glanced at him with a contemptuous smile, and bent her head.

'I wish to give you fair notice,' she continued, 'that when we go to England, it is my intention to see my brother. I am entirely resolved on this point. Nothing will make me alter my resolution.'

'You can see your brother and whom you please, when we go to England,' said Mr St Quentin. And with that their interview came to an end. Miriam was confounded by this turn of affairs; but she maintained her composure, and bravely hid the smarting wound to her pride. This had occurred several days ago, and Miriam had not received any intimation from Mr St Quentin of the time at which he intended to leave Paris. She sickened with anger at being obliged to endure this sort of thing from the old man, with whom she had intended to have her own way so completely, but no human being ever saw a look or heard a word expressive of her disgust.

On this day, when her carriage had driven away, Mr St Quentin went direct to her boudoir, and,

having closed the door, stood with his back against it, deliberately surveying every detail of its luxurious adornment. A bad, cynical smile accompanied the slow travelling of his eyes from point to point. Then he walked across the spacious room to the silk-curtained archway which formed the entrance to the conservatory, where the fountain was showering down its tinkling rain, and Miriam's birds were fluttering behind the silver wires. From this point he again surveyed the room, and now he laughed, a low evil laugh.

'She likes all this,' he muttered. 'What taste she has; and what a love of luxury and ease! She shall have it, plenty of it, as much as she likes, for awhile. No fear of her giving this up; no fear of her running away from this; no fear of her giving up money, even for love.'

His well-preserved, good-looking old face was a sight to see for vindictiveness and cunning. He smoothed it and his gray hair all over with his hand before he left the room, and went to keep an appointment with a person who had visited him occasionally of late, and whose visits formed an item in the list of Miriam's anxious misgivings.

#### A CURIOUS GRAVE-YARD.

Few travellers in *la belle France* have failed in the course of their peregrinations to visit Lyon, as it is a good central point for various routes, south, east, or west; but very few have thought otherwise of it probably than as a fine, large, and flourishing city, celebrated for its republicanism in politics, and its supremacy in the silk-trade. Fewer still, we suspect, have called to mind that this modern-looking, busy place stands on the ruins of what was once the principal city of Gaul in the time of the Roman dominion. But so it was; an altar was erected here by numerous Gaulish tribes in honour of Augustus Cæsar, who resided here for some time; and his son-in-law, Agrippa, made it the centre of the four main roads which traversed Gaul, one portion of which was known as *Gallia Lugdunensis*, or the Gaul of the Lyonesse. Caligula visited it, and the Emperor Claudius was a native of the place. Destroyed by fire, it was rebuilt by that ambitious fiddler, Nero. Almost all succeeding emperors in turn resided here, or visited the city, which had a coinage of its own, and was the great mart of Western Europe, even in the time of Strabo. Herod Antipas, who caused John the Baptist to be killed, was banished to Lyon by Caligula, and probably died there. At Lyon, the usurper Magnentius was defeated, and fell by his own hand. The Emperor Gratian was overthrown and slain by the usurper Maximus about the year 383; and by the beginning of the fifth century, the Burgundians and Franks appear to have made themselves masters of the town and the surrounding country. Thus, for at least between three or four hundred years, was Lyon, in fact, a thoroughly Romanised city, and for the greater part of that period, a thoroughly Roman city. But few traces unfortunately remain of this fact; and we should probably have forgotten all about it, but for the very curious grave-yard in which we found ourselves one bright summer day, as we were strolling through the noisy streets of this busy manufacturing city. We were informed that there was a fine exhibition of modern paintings at the Palais des Beaux Arts,

and betook ourselves somewhat listlessly, we must admit—for art in continual doses is apt to sicken one—towards the place indicated. On entering, we found ourselves within a spacious courtyard; and ranged round the walls, beneath a fine arcade, we saw so large and important a collection of ancient stone sarcophagi, that after a short glimpse at the picture-gallery, we descended into the court, and went carefully over the whole series of antiquities, mostly Roman, preserved there, and in the study of which we were aided by the very excellent catalogue prepared by the erudite 'conservateur des musées archéologiques de la ville de Lyon,' M. le Docteur Comarmond. As the Roman monuments with their inscriptions were extremely interesting, we have ventured to make a selection of those which interested us most, and which will, we hope, be equally attractive to many others, as strange memorials of a long past age. It will be remarked that in all cases the inscriptions are very particular as to the time of death, but no actual date is given. The greater number range probably from between the first to the fifth century of our era. The original Latin is always given by M. Comarmond side by side with a French translation.

'To the Gods of the Shades, and to the eternal memory of Secundus Octavius of Trèves, taken away by a most cruel death; who, after having saved himself half-naked from a fire, having neglected the care of his life, in order to save something from the flames, was destroyed by the fall of a wall, rendering up to nature his pleasant spirit, and his body to its original (dust). More afflicted at his death than by the loss of their property, Romanus, Solemnis, Januarius and Antiochus, the freedmen of Secundus, have consecrated by the inscription on this tomb the noble qualities of which he had given them all kinds of proof; in concert with Protilius, bound to him by an affection which we may call fraternal, having been his fellow-pupil from his infancy, and intimately connected with him in his taste for all the useful arts; and they have dedicated this monument *sub ascia*.'

This inscription, according to M. Comarmond, belongs to the first ages of the Empire; and there are two noticeable points about it, which, as they frequently occur on other tombs, we will here treat of—one is the raising of the tomb by the freed slaves of the deceased; the other is the dedication '*sub ascia*,' under the *axe* or *adze*, which appears in these Lyon tombs to have been the usual ending of most inscriptions.

As regards the *status* of slaves among the Romans, it must be remembered that they held a very different position to that usually connected with our modern idea of a slave, and that they formed, in fact, a powerful body in the state. Thus, we read that the whole company of slaves in a house was called *familia* (whence our *family*), and the slaves *familiares*. Fathers could sell their children as slaves, and insolvent debtors became the slaves of their creditors. They were not only employed in all domestic services, but also in trades and manufactures, and were at times instructed in literature and the liberal arts. The Emperor Pertinax was himself the son of a manumitted slave; Cicero's slave Tiro was his secretary; and Epictetus, the greatest of ancient moral philosophers, was a slave. They were promoted on good behaviour, and as

*pædagogi*, had charge of children to and from school, and were also teachers. They might save money, and when they had obtained sufficient, were allowed to pay a substitute, 'servi vicarius'; and Cicero says that many purchased their liberty in six years. In the month of December at the 'Saturnalia,' the original of our Christmas sports, they changed places with their masters, were served at table by them, and laughed at them, as is so delightfully told in the seventh Satire of Horace, in which his favourite slave, Davus, thoroughly flays his master, Horace, alive, until he can bear it no longer, and cries: 'Be off this instant, or I will make you a common labourer on my Sabine estate.' There were Legrees, too, in those days (*fugitivarii*), men who made it their business to recover runaway slaves. No Roman thought himself anything if he kept less than ten slaves, and some are stated to have possessed twenty thousand.

Finally, every great man at his death was in the habit of liberating a certain number of slaves, since freedmen only could attend his funeral. Augustus passed a law to restrain the numbers to be freed, as it seems to have been considered tending to danger for the state.

As regards the dedication 'sub ascia,' its actual meaning has never been satisfactorily settled, either in the works of Forcellini, Montfaucon, Muratori, or Smith; but the most probable solution of it would appear to be, that the tomb and adjacent ground were thus directed to be kept in proper repair and order.

We will now continue our walk through the tombs, the inscriptions of many throwing a curious light on the life of the Gallo-Romans.

'Hail! amiable Nistio . . . To the Gods of the Shades . . . and to the eternal repose of Tertinius, veteran (one who had served at least twenty years) of the 8th Augusta legion, and of the amiable and — Tertinia, of Greek race, of Nicomedia, my most dear, most pious, and most chaste wife, my faithful and affectionate preserver, my treasure in this life, who never gave me any offence, nor caused me any trouble of soul. She lived with me in matrimony eighteen years, twenty days, without offending me in any way. She was taken from me in three days by a sudden illness whilst I was absent travelling; and on this account I have caused this inscription to be made for me and for her, during my lifetime, as well as for my descendants; and I have dedicated it *sub ascia*.' No modern epitaph could well be more simple and tender than this.

We come next to a very interesting one, as it proves that Lyon was engaged in the silk-trade under the Romans.

'To the Gods of the Shades, and to the perpetual repose of Caius Rusonius Secundus, sexvir Augustalis (corresponding somewhat to our alderman) of the colony Claudia Copia Augusta of Lyon, and silk-merchant (*sugarius*). I, Caius Rusonius Myron, sexvir Augustalis of Lyon, and honourable artisan of Lyon, and incorporated silk-merchant, his co-freedman, heir to his good example, have alone raised this monument, by his order, and have dedicated it *sub ascia*.' This breathes the true spirit of civic dignity.

An important monument to the Emperor Commodus has this: 'To the Tutelary Deities of the Augusti and all their Divine House, and the place of this colony, Copia Claudia Augusta of Lyon.

'The *dendrophori* (military carpenters) established at Lyon made a *tauribolium* the fifteenth day before the calends of July. . . . Marcus Sura Septimianus consul; Pasonus Julianus (Archigallus), chief priest of Cybele, being augur; Ælius Castrensis, sacrificing priest; and Fl. Restitutus, player of the double-flute (*tibia*). Claudius Silvanus Perpetuus, magistrate, caused this altar to be erected at his own expense, in honour of them all.'

The most remarkable point in this inscription is the record of a *tauribolium*. This extraordinary ceremony, for the vicarious purification of a person from sin, or with a sacrificial intent, was not uncommon under the Empire, and consisted in the hierophant, or priest, standing in a subterranean space, covered with pierced planks, whilst a bull was killed above, the blood of which fell copiously over him, and with which he covered his face and washed himself; then emerging from the cave, he joined in, or led the procession of devotees, as described in a poem by Prudentius in the *Marmora Taurinensia*, pars prima, page 21, who wrote about the end of the fourth century. This curious rite appears to have been peculiar to the churches of Cybele and of Mithra, and was forbidden by law under the eastern emperors, in the fifth century. It may seem strange that the player on the flute should be named in this inscription, but, in point of fact, he was by no means an unimportant personage in the performance—not playing alone, but being the leader, probably, of others who played on various instruments, in which, however, the double flute and pan-pipes predominated.

In the next inscription we obtain a proof that glass was manufactured in France about the fourth century of our era.

'To the Gods, and to the eternal memory of Julius Alexander, of African race, Carthaginian citizen, an excellent man, manufacturer of glass-ware, who lived 75 years, 5 months, 13 days, in the most perfect union with his wife, whom he married when a virgin, with whom he lived 48 years, and by whom he had three sons and one daughter, who have all presented him with grandchildren, whom he has seen and left living. Numonia Bellia, his wife; Julius Alexius, Julius Felix, Julius Galonius, his sons; Numonia Belliosa, his daughter; and his grand-children—Julius Averius, J. Felix, J. Alexander, J. Galonius, J. Leontius, J. Galonius, J. Gontus—have been careful to raise this monument (*tumulum*), and have dedicated it *sub ascia*.'

Another very interesting inscription is this to Minthathius Vitalis, son of Marcus, wine-merchant, established at Lyon, in the quarter called "in Kanabis," twice intrusted with the function of curator (*syndic*) of the corporation (*corpor*) guild of wine-merchants; also master-mariner on the Saône, chief of that corporation, Roman knight, sexvir of the *utricularii* (probably skin-vessel makers), established at Lyon, to whom the illustrious city of Alba (?) has voted a place in its senate. The dealers in wine established "in Kanabis" have raised this monument to their chief, who has given for dedication of his statue 10 *denarii*, as a gratuity to each person assisting. The *denarius* was a silver coin, value about sevenpence-halfpenny of our money. As regards the quarter of Lyon called "in Kanabis," we should state that Kanabis means *hemp* or *flax*, and is

unpleasantly suggestive of adulteration in wine of old, as at present, hemp having a powerful intoxicating property, and serving, perhaps, a similar purpose to brandy at the present day. The celebrated street at Marseille called 'la Cannébière' derives its name, no doubt, from the same plant, which still, under the name of *hachish*, is commonly used in Africa and the East for the purpose of intoxication.

That the ancients liked pickled tunny is shewn by the following inscription to Primus Secundianus, imperial syndic and curator (inspector) of the city, 'mariner of the Rhone and the Saône, member of the corporation of carpenters established at Lyon, dealer in pickled tunny. M. Primus Augustus, his son and heir, caused this monument to be erected to his beloved father, and has dedicated it *sub ascidâ*.'

Our next inscription is very curious in many respects; it is 'to the eternal memory of Vitalinus Felix, veteran of the M(artiale?) legion, a man of great probity and wisdom, merchant of Lyon, paper-manufacturer, who lived 59 years, 5 months, 10 days. He was born on a Tuesday, he set out for the army on a Tuesday, obtained his discharge on a Tuesday, and died on a Tuesday. C. Vitalinus Felicissinus, his son, and Julia Nice(a), his wife, have raised this monument, and dedicated it *sub ascidâ*.'

Although there is no means of fixing the actual date of this monument, it still belongs to the Roman period, which ends at Lyon in the fifth century; and thus we find that paper was made at Lyon prior to that time. Its invention is usually ascribed to the Chinese, about the year 90, and is said to have been introduced into Spain by the Arabs in the seventh century. But if this inscription is correctly given, Lyon can shew a prior claim. The record of Tuesday as a peculiar day for V. Felix, evinces a superstitious feeling, not extinct even in our own day. Our Tuesday was the Roman *dies Martis*, Mars' day, and on this account we have ventured to suppose that the M legion stands for Martiale. It will be also remarked, that in this, as in many other instances, the merchant is also a soldier; and, in fact, the present Landwehr system of Germany has its prototype in that of Rome. Every man was liable to serve in the army when the public interests required it, from the age of 17 to 46.

A tomb large enough to contain easily two bodies side by side, is inscribed: 'To the eternal memory of Exomnius Paternianus, formerly legionary centurion; and to the dear memory of Paterniana, his daughter. Tertinia Victorina, most unhappy mother, to her husband and daughter, and Paternia Victorina, to her father and sister, have together raised this monument, and dedicated it *sub ascidâ*.' By the side of the daughter's name is written, in Greek: 'Farewell, good soul; farewell, courageous spirit;' and by the father's name, also in Greek: 'Repose in peace, good soul; repose in peace, courageous spirit.' There was no lack of reverent affection amongst these people; here is a tender inscription: 'To the eternal memory of Julius Zosimus, a young man of the purest character; he lived without ever causing the slightest pain to any one—30 years, 1 month, 3 days. Melius Zosimus, his most unhappy father, cruelly deceived by his loss, has raised this monument, during his lifetime, for his dear son and himself, and has dedicated it *sub ascidâ*.' The next, to Aristodemus, states that 'Helias engraved this inscription gratuitously.' They appear to have been Greeks.

It has been doubted whether the Roman armies were provided with a regular medical staff; this appears settled by the dedication of a tomb to a certain Verinus, by Bononius Gordus, 'medicus castrensis,' army or camp doctor. The ladies will be pleased to find their sex practising as doctors in old Roman times; thus, we meet with a tomb dedicated 'to Metilia Donata, exercising the calling of doctor,' and lucratively, no doubt, as it 'is raised at her own expense;' and another is to a freed slave, Minacia, 'medica,' or doctress.

A curious epitaph is this: 'All hail! wife of Modius. All hail! Gemina. To the Gods of the Shades, and to the eternal memory of Septicia Gemina, a most pious woman, who was only once married. I, Modius Annianus, have raised this monument to my dearest wife, who lived, well beloved by me 30 years in matrimony, and have raised this during my lifetime. O friend, play, divert yourself, come (follow).' This is a very remarkable inscription, and appears to direct the survivor to make the most of life while it lasts, and be prepared to rejoin his wife in another world. A still more extraordinary epitaph is that 'to the eternal memory of Blandinia Martiola, a virtuous young woman, who lived 18 years, 9 months, 3 days. Pompeius Catussa, plasterer, to his incomparable wife, &c. You who read this, go and bathe in the bath of Apollo, which I should have done with my wife, if I had been able.'

Salvius Mercurius is described as buried in his own field. Pontius Marcellus, a freed slave, raises a monument to his most pious master, Fontius Incitatus, and concludes with: 'Oh, may you live happy and joyful, who read this, and wish well to my shade.' In this case, we see the slave takes his master's name, as by law required. Here we have a compliment, even on the tomb, in memory of Camilla Augustilla, who lived thirty years, of whom no one ever had to complain, except in her dying. Other epitaphs there are, all possessing points of more or less interest to those whose sympathies are not confined to the 'ignorant present' alone, and all bearing witness to those tender qualities of the heart, which are common to all mankind, and which tend to promote a general feeling of our common human brotherhood.

## THE LITTLE ORPHANAGE:

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

UNLIKE other institutions of the same kind, there is no uniform worn in the Orphanage, and that for two reasons. In the first place, for economy, as the children are in great measure clothed in cast-off garments, which Miss Grant remodels for their use. In the second place, in order to teach the orphans the principles of dress, a piece of education certainly not less necessary for girls than the principles of grammar. When an old Rob Roy tartan cloak is sent to the house to be converted into a frock, Miss Grant explains that a check is much more suitable to a thin than to a stout figure; and that a pattern consisting of squares of black and red is better adapted to a pale than to a florid complexion. So the tartan cloak is made into a frock for Teenie, whose white cheeks and slight frame render necessary some device to make her seem more round and rosy. Though, like all children, prone to ornament, they recognise,



in course of time, the force of their teacher's arguments when she represents that it must be sparingly used, as is proved by the following conversation, which takes place at the dinner-table one day about two years after Effie's death.

'Oh, Miss Grant,' exclaims Rachel, 'I saw Mary Welsh playing in the gutter, and she was so dirty! I don't believe her hair has ever been washed, yet she had a worked petticoat on that might have done for one of the Queen's children. I thought it quite ugly on her.'

'I saw the sweep's little boy yesterday rolling about in the mud,' remarks Susan, 'and he had a torn pinafore, and great big holes in his stockings, but he had worked drawers on—quite broad the trimming was. It must have been dear.'

'Very near all the fisher-girls has worked trimming on their Sabbath-day petticoats. They think it makes them ladies,' remarks Teenie; 'and I thought that myself before I came to the Orphanage.'

The children are dining off a magnificent piece of codfish, a favourite, and, in this fishing-town, by no means an expensive dinner, and although some care is required to avoid choking on the small bones, the girls are not disposed to concentrate their attention upon their plates, but are quite ready to discuss with animation the subject Rachel has introduced.

'I aye thought it was bonny dress made ladies, before I came to the Orphanage,' says Rosy, who, besides being a most graceful little creature and a great favourite with every one, is also very shrewd; 'and I'm sure the fisher-girls think that. They have never heard that it's politeness and gentleness makes ladies. I don't think there's many people knows it.'

'My grandmother doesn't,' remarks Teenie.

'The word lady is not significant,' observes Miss Grant; 'gentleman, on the other hand, has a meaning which all can see. It is quite evident that good clothes cannot make a gentleman.'

An absolute advantage derived from this eleemosynary method of dressing the children is, that their clothes are not too easily obtained. The orphans have no opportunity of lamenting, as Effie had learned to do in her frugal home, that butcher's meat cannot be bought without bone, and that soap is dear. Food, lodging, education, and medical attendance are obtained without the slightest difficulty. They see no toil-weary father, no thrifty anxious mother, by whose joint exertions the children have food to eat, and clothes to wear, thus losing, it may be, some useful lessons. In this matter of raiment, however, there is no unfailing, unlimited supply. Kitty's everyday frock is shabby, and it is quite uncertain when she may get another; Rosy needs a jacket, and there is no money to buy one; for, though Miss Grant might make these wants known, she considers it better to teach the children that it is more honourable to be willing to suffer some privation, than to ask from one whose kindness has already been very great. Moved by this consideration, Rosy declares that she is quite willing to wear her old jacket for some time yet; and when, a few days after this expression of contentment, a parcel arrives containing some old clothes, among which there is a little girl's frock, which a trifling alteration will render suitable for Kitty, and a piece of drab cloth, new and of excellent quality, that will make a beautiful jacket for

Rosy, the joy experienced is in proportion to the previous sense of want.

When the frocks and jackets are cut out, and the seams arranged for the children, Miss Grant refreshes herself and her pupils by reading aloud while they sew. Happily, there is no difference of opinion between her and them respecting books. She is particularly fond of *Cinderella*, *Beauty and the Beast*, and *Puss in Boots*, while the orphans are delighted with *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Shakspeare, too, they consider charming, Susan being greatly pleased with the witches in *Macbeth*, whose words she is never tired of repeating; while all think the story of little Arthur in *King John* the most pathetic tale they have ever heard. For a time, the recitation of this piece is a favourite amusement. It is rehearsed in the scullery, while the children are brushing their boots—Rachel is heard repeating it as she washes the door-step; Polly is excellent as the little prince, and Susan makes a very good Hubert. There are little rhymes from Shakspeare, too, of which the 'bairns' are fond, such as:

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile a;  
A merry heart goes all the way,  
Your sad tires in a mile a—

a verse the repetition of which is found an unfailing help when, after some long ramble, Miss Grant and her family find themselves farther from home at nightfall than they could desire to be. A favourite poem in the Orphanage is Gerald Massey's *Poor Little Willie*, touching verses descriptive of the death of a workhouse child. Polly and Teenie are to be heard reciting this before they are out of bed in the morning, and Rachel expresses much interest in the author, and looks in every magazine which comes into the house for some other verses from the same pen. She is also delighted with Sir Walter Scott, and, of her own accord, commits to memory the introduction to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. It is an interesting fact to the orphans that Scott and Macaulay obtained their titles for success in literature.

'Indeed,' remarks Rachel, 'I think it a much wiser thing to make a man a lord for writing nice books than for fighting battles. I wish the Queen had made Dickens a baronet.'

'Do you know, Miss Grant,' says Rosy, 'I think it quite natural Macaulay was made a lord, his poems are so grand. He is grander than Dickens.'

'Oh, Rosy! Dickens is delightful!' observes Rachel.

'Rachel, I didn't say he wasn't delightful; I only said he wasn't so grand as Macaulay,' argues Rosy in a tone of injury.

'I wish the Queen had given Catherine Sinclair a title,' says Susan. 'I wonder if she has read *Holiday House*.'

The rain falls in torrents, and lessons being over for the day, the younger children play at hide-and-seek indoors, while Miss Grant is busy at needlework in the parlour. Rachel and Susan are in the kitchen washing dishes, and cleaning knives and saucepans with unparalleled activity, for *Oliver Twist* is in the house, and Miss Grant has promised to read it aloud as soon as the kitchen is made tidy. Now the hearth is swept, the stove is brightly polished, and a chair is set for Miss Grant near the fire, for though it is summer, the day is cold.

Then Rachel—her broad cheeks as red as peonies with the great exertions she has been making to have her work soon done, and with the severe washing and hard towelling she has afterwards given her face, to remove the traces of her labour—takes her knitting, and sits down close to Miss Grant. On the other side of the matron sits Rosy, with her beautiful eyes and brown curls. She is seated on one of the tall, antique chairs, glad to be still and quiet now, as all are, for they have been tearing up and down stairs at hide-and-seek for the last hour. Surely *Oliver Twist* was written for the Orphanage children. Why, Polly has lived in a workhouse; Kitty has come all the way from London to escape one; Rosy and Teenie have been parochial children; and this very day, as every one knows, Miss Grant has received a letter from a lady intimating that next day a little girl will arrive at the Orphanage, who is at present in a workhouse in Edinburgh. How they laugh at Mr Bumble! How truly they sympathise with little Oliver!

'Oh, read that over again, Miss Grant,' cries Rachel. 'Get up and shew us how Mr Bumble would take off his hat and sit down on his chair.'

'He's an awful funny man!' exclaims Teenie; while it is a matter of regret with all that the only beadle they know—the man who takes the clergyman's Bible up to the pulpit on Sunday—is a meek-tempered gardener, who never wears a cocked-hat, nor any other badge of office. All are deeply interested in the tale, when Susan, who is seated at the window, states that Polly's father is at the gate. The rain has now ceased, and Polly is permitted to go out to speak to the pedler, and to take a walk with him if he desires her to do so. About an hour after she returns with a quantity of sweetmeats for her companions, and a very tiny penknife for Miss Grant.

'It's out o' my father's pack,' she explains with regard to the penknife; 'an' he would have given me anything I liked to take. He offered me a pair of be-autiful gold earrings to give you; but I told him you didn't wear earrings, and he was very sorry he hadn't a brooch good enough for you. He had nothing but penny ones, but he's going to bring you a grand one when he goes to Cupar market. He had lots o' thimbles, but they were all brass, and he said he couldn't give you anything but a silver one. So there was nothing I could bring you but this knife.'

'You have done very wisely, Polly, dear. I am glad you did not bring me earrings. You must tell your father not on any account to buy me a brooch,' says Miss Grant.

Polly looks disappointed; and Rachel, who is making the porridge for supper, seems much dissatisfied with what appears an uncalled-for act of self-denial on the part of her teacher.

'I told my father I had got a new hat, and he said you were too kind to me; and I took him into the garden to see my rose-bush, and I shewed him the hop growing on the wall, and told him people made beer with hops. He knew it, he said, but never saw one growing before.'

Supper is now quite ready, and a pleasant odour comes from the oatmeal porridge. At the upper end of the table is Miss Grant's tea-tray, upon which there are cups and saucers for three, for Rosy and Teenie are delicate, and unable to digest the porridge which the more robust children eat so heartily, and upon which they thrive so well.

The 'bairns' have a great deal to say to each other during the meal, and as talking is said to be good for digestion, Miss Grant permits them to chatter as they will. Supper over, the children learn their lessons for the next day, and are thus occupied till it is time to go to bed. Some then go up to the dormitory, two retire to rest in a bedroom on the ground-floor, and Rosy, who sleeps with Miss Grant, sinks into slumber in a small but well-furnished apartment at the back of the house.

'Oh, Miss Grant, please look at your watch!' cries Rachel, when left alone with her teacher; 'and let me know exactly what time it is, for I believe this clock is fast. It can't be a quarter to nine already. I am sure I hope it isn't, for I love this little English history, and I want to have a good while to read it before I go to bed.'

'I haven't my watch on,' returns Miss Grant; 'it is on my dressing-table; you may go and look at it.'

Rachel hastily goes to the little back bedroom, and brings back the information that it is exactly half-past eight, congratulating herself on having quite an hour and a half to read. In the matter of pronunciation, Rachel is decidedly careless, but with regard to the subject treated of, no one could read with more attention and interest. At length the house is still; Rachel sleeps in the dormitory with her companions; and Miss Grant sits alone, musing with happy feelings on her little family of waifs, wishing that small Orphanages were more common, and thinking that if solitary old maids could but know how sweet it is to have the affection of these destitute little ones, they would let fashion, society, and conventionality go to the winds, and become happy mothers to loving orphans. It is now, however, time for Miss Grant also to retire to rest; and, passing through the parlour, she goes into the room where Rosy slumbers. She carries no candle, for there are matches on her bedroom mantel-piece with which to light the gas. Before doing so, however, she pulls up the blind, to see what sort of night it is, when, to her great alarm, she perceives a man at the window, who has evidently just that moment drawn back, for he is standing pressed against the wall. In her alarm she cries out that there is some one there. Rosy, who has awaked, screams with terror; and Miss Grant, having put the bolt in the window, carries the child up-stairs, where her noise rouses Polly, Kitty, and the others. All are much alarmed by the occurrence. Polly offers to sleep with Miss Grant instead of Rosy, who, still in a panic, is lying in the arms of her devoted friend Rachel; and the matron returns, somewhat nervously, to her room, accompanied by the brave and affectionate Polly. It is long before the inmates of the Orphanage forget their fears in sleep; and when they awake next morning, it is with a vivid recollection of the disturbance of the previous night. As soon as they are dressed, the children run into the garden, to look for any traces there may be of the nocturnal visitor, and find footsteps close to the window.

'Yes, Miss Grant,' observes Rachel; 'and I put my feet in the marks, and I couldn't stand without leaning forward to the window, so he must have been trying to get into the house. Oh! what if he had got in!'

There is, however, no time to discuss the matter, for Jessie Scott, the little girl from the Edinburgh workhouse, is to arrive by steamer from Leith,

and the orphans are all going to meet her. So they go into the school-room immediately after breakfast, and after spending two hours at lessons, they prepare for their walk, for the pier at which Jessie is expected to arrive is a mile distant. Polly is ready before any of the others, and she comes bounding into the kitchen where Miss Grant is, to ask if she may run down and say good-bye to her father, who intends to leave the town that day. This request is granted, and Polly leaves the house in great haste, for she is afraid that if she does not very quickly return, her companions will not wait for her.

It does not take the little girls long to put on their own jackets and hats, but it is some time before the dolls—some of whom are very fine ladies—have their toilet completed. At length, all are ready, and have just gone into the kitchen to shew themselves to Miss Grant, when Polly enters the house, exclaiming, in a tone of disappointment: 'My father's away. He left last night, and he told me he wasn't going till to-day.'

'He has changed his promise, Polly,' suggests Teenie, daintily arranging her doll's hat and cloak. 'People may change their promise without telling a lie.'

A pretty sight is Rosy and her baby—a three-penny doll, dressed by Miss Grant in a long white robe, a black velvet hood, and a blue square. It is supposed to be an infant of a few days' old, and on this little one, Rosy lavishes a world of maternal tenderness. Close beside her stands Rachel, laughing with delight, for she is devoted to Rosy, who is certainly a most engaging child, and watches her every movement with feelings of liveliest admiration.

'I have something curious to tell you, children,' remarks Miss Grant. 'This little girl you are going to meet has lost a little brother only a few days ago. His name was Willie, and he died in the workhouse.'

'How strange!' exclaims Susan. 'Just like Gerald Massey's poem.'

'Would Jessie Scott's little brother have

Worlds of wisdom in his looks,  
And quaint quiet smiles?'

asks Rosy, looking up in her teacher's face.

'Perhaps he had. I think, however, we must not repeat *Poor Little Willie* in Jessie's presence,' observes Miss Grant.

Meanwhile, the active, practical Rachel, concerned lest they should be too late of setting forth, cries out that the clock has stopped. This is no unfrequent occurrence, for the article is a present, and a cheap one.

'Oh, please look your watch, Miss Grant,' begs Rachel. 'What will Jessie do, if we are not in time to meet her?'

The matron hastens to her bedroom; but her watch is not on her dressing-table—a piece of furniture, by the way, which stands in the window recess—and, upon reflection, she remembers that she has not had it in her hand that day.

'I can't find my watch, Rachel,' observes Miss Grant on returning to the kitchen. 'You had it in your hands last night at half-past eight. What did you do with it?'

'I left it on the dressing-table. I didn't lift it at all, indeed I only looked at it.'

'Then it has been stolen'— Miss Grant stops

abruptly, as if a sudden thought had flashed upon her. The children loudly lament the loss, declaring that the man at the window must have been the thief; but they are told they must go at once to meet the steamer; and as they are anxious to see the new girl, they run away as fast as is compatible with safety to their dolls, most of which are in a state of decrepitude, and unable to bear the shock of hasty movement. The children have no sooner left the house than Miss Grant goes down to the policeman, to inform him of her loss. The man makes a few inquiries, the effect of which is to confirm a painful suspicion which has indeed already presented itself to her mind.

'If you discover the thief, let me know before you do anything further,' says Miss Grant, and returns to the Orphanage, where she is busily employed in domestic duties till the return of the children. Polly and Rosy have run on before, and are the first to arrive.

'Miss Grant, she has come!' they exclaim as they bound into the house. 'And she is eight years' old, and not much bigger than Rosy,' continues Polly; 'and I don't think she is very sorry because her brother's dead, for she was laughing as we came along.'

'And have you had a nice walk, Polly dear?' Miss Grant asks in a tone in which there is, perhaps, something of compassion as she takes off the little girl's hat, and gently smooths back her hair.

'Jessie has craped on her hat,' remarks Rosy, 'and boots on, but no stockings; and she likes my doll the best, and so I gave it to her to carry.'

The children, as the reader may have observed, do not now express themselves in the broad Scotch dialect in which they spoke when they first came to the Orphanage—a change of speech which gives great offence in the town, where any attempt to speak the English language is supposed to savour of pride. The other 'bairns' now arrive, leading the little stranger in a kind of triumphal procession. Jessie is a very pretty child, but certainly small for eight years.

'She has been telling us about the workhouse, Miss Grant,' exclaims Kitty, after Jessie has been kindly welcomed by the matron; 'and do you know she used to scrub floors? Isn't she a very little thing to be doing that?'

'Oh, but oor Maggie scrubbit, an' she's only six,' remarks Jessie cheerily. It appears upon inquiry that 'oor Maggie' is a sister who has been removed from the workhouse, and is boarded at a farmhouse. It must be admitted that, for a new orphan, Jessie is particularly clean, though her clothes are very shabby, being those, she explains, which she wore when she went to the workhouse, and which were changed for a uniform during her stay there. So Miss Grant hastens to look out some fitting attire for Jessie; Rachel lays the cloth for dinner; and the younger children take their new companion into the schoolroom, then up-stairs to shew her the dormitory, and finally conduct her into the garden. The 'bairns' have not been all this time without expressing concern about the loss of the watch; but Miss Grant has, with some firmness, forbidden all talk upon the subject.

The following day is Teenie's birthday, and there is a holiday in honour of the occasion, and a picnic at 'the braes'—grassy slopes facing the sea. It is a glorious July day; light, feathery clouds float in the blue sky; a pleasant breeze

comes with invigorating influence, and all nature looks gay in the bright sunshine. In this part of the country the fields are without hedge or fence of any kind, so the children brush past the waving grain as they walk along the foot-path, and make nosegays of the poppies which grow among the corn. When they reach 'the braes,' the German Ocean lies stretched out before them, the Bass Rock rises grandly out of the sea, while to the left lies the Isle of May, resting peacefully on the bosom of the deep. It is a fair scene, but the orphans are not yet old enough to appreciate it; dearer to them by far is a pool in the rocks, two feet square by three long, where they can dabble for crabs, sea anemones, and other treasures. So Miss Grant sits down on the grass beside the basket of provisions, to read a book she has brought with her, while the children play on the beach.

An hour has passed by, and amid the noise of the waves breaking on the rocks, Miss Grant has not perceived the sound of approaching footsteps. Looking up, she sees close beside her the pedler and the policeman.

'I have captured the thief, ma'am, with your watch upon him,' observes the latter. A wail of distress close beside her makes Miss Grant look round. It is the affectionate Polly, who, having seen her father approach, has run up to speak to him, and only reaches the spot in time to hear the policeman's words. The poor child's tears flow fast; and Miss Grant, forgetting everything at the moment but Polly's sorrow, takes 'the bairn' in her arms.

'O dear, O dear! I never thought my father would have done it,' sobs Polly. Miss Grant kisses the unhappy little girl, whom she bids sit down on the grass; and then, taking the pedler aside, she tells him it is not her intention to prosecute him, partly on Polly's account, and partly on his own, remarking that it is her wish to spare the child the pain and disgrace of a father's imprisonment. She also tells him that with regard to himself she is unable to believe he could witness his daughter's distress unmoved, reminds him that as Polly grows older, her love of what is right, and hate of what is wrong, will, it is to be hoped, increase, and that if he (the father) would retain his child's affection, he must endeavour to deserve it. To all this Smith listens quietly, and with his eyes on the ground. 'I'm sure, ma'am, you are very merciful,' he says in the old whining tone, when she has done speaking; but Miss Grant, dreading any insincere protestation, leaves him, and returns to the weeping daughter. The policeman, who has lingered near, speaks a few words, of warning it may be, to the pedler, who then goes away in the opposite direction, and does not again visit the Orphanage. Miss Grant's heart is very sad, and Polly is not to be consoled; but a few minutes after, a little circumstance occurs which changes for the moment the character of their emotion. Up till this moment the other children have been playing behind some shelving rocks, and have happily escaped all knowledge of what has transpired. Now, however, Kitty, who is not a favourite with her companions, wanders away from them, and taking a seat on the grass, not far from Miss Grant and Polly, proceeds to sing a ditty which is at the time popular in the Orphanage. Presently Teenie comes up and asks the singer for the loan of her doll, when an amusing illustration is afforded

of the fact that people may be very fond of singing hymns without being at all imbued with the excellent sentiments they express.

'Children, you should love each other,' sings Kitty.

'Kitty, will you lend me your doll?' says Teenie.

'And be always kind and true,' sings Kitty.

'Kitty, will you lend me your doll?'

'You should always do to others,'

'Kitty, will you lend me your doll?'

'As you'd have them do to you.'

'Kitty, will you lend me your doll?'

'Teenie, don't you hear I'm singing *Children, you should love each other*, you tiresome interrupting girl! No; I won't lend you my doll, and I'll take back the Bible I gave you for a birthday present,' says Kitty crossly. Miss Grant smiles, Polly looks amused, and immediately after, she helps her teacher with some alacrity to lay the cloth on the grass for dinner, to uncork the bottles, and pour the milk—such milk as London children have no conception of, it is so rich and creamy—into the mugs.

It is time now to close this little sketch, which is, the writer is painfully aware, a most imperfect one. The children have not been done justice to, for a volume would scarcely suffice to tell their thoughtful sayings, and noble, unselfish affection. Let no one suppose that the children of depraved parents are necessarily deficient in mental power or moral feeling. With one exception, Kitty, the defects observable in the orphans are rather the result of early education than of any special depravity of disposition. On the contrary, did space permit, many instances might be given wherein these rescued waifs display more intelligence, good feeling, and even refinement, than is at all general among the children of educated people.

#### THE SONG SHE SANG.

SHE sang it, sitting on a stile,  
One evening of a summer's day;  
Beside her, at her feet, the while,  
Half-hid in grass and flowers, I lay.  
So calm and clear her soft voice rang,  
In unison with one dear bird,  
That near her, on a tree-top, sang,  
At time 'twas doubtful which I heard.  
And, lying there among the flowers  
I listened like to one who hears,  
In murmurings of the passing hours,  
The mightier music of the years.  
I listened, and the swelling notes,  
Borne far on dewy breezes bland,  
Seemed taken up by seraph throats,  
And chorused by a heavenly band.  
Now she is gone; yet that sweet strain,  
Still gathering charms unknown before,  
Will make a music in the brain,  
And haunt my heart for evermore.

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